

SCOTLANDS SPEECH TO HER SONS.

My Dear SONS,
I Can keep no longer Silence, I am under a potent Pressure to vent my *Votes*, and heavy Moans. I dare confidently say, there is not one within the Land, who is not sensible, who seeth not with his Eyes, that I am stript naked of my *Ancient* Honour and Glory, and covered thick with *Disgrace* and *Contempt* among Neighbour Nations: Take care Ye come not under this black Brand,

-----*video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.*

I See, and do approve the Right,
Yet do the wrong against my Light.

Now for a full *Century* of Years I have been neglected in the World; partly through the *Envious*, *Insolence*, and cunning *Artifices* of my Proud and Potent Sister of *England*, that catches all Advantages to Ruine my Reputation, and prevent my Wealth; and partly, thro' the degenerate Cowardice of too many of my Sons, of fordid Mercenary Spirits. It is a foul Brand [but a most unjust one] upon your Predecessors, that they *Sold their King*; Pray incur not the dishonourable Imputation: of *Selling your Country*, lest your Names stick to Posterity, for entailing upon them *Poverty* and *Ignominy*, which consummat Misery. Now, now is the time, this is the *Juncture* [after the losing of so many] which You should prudently improve for Retrieving my Stained Honour: Now are You wisely to Consult [in Your several Spheres of Activity] by what proper Arts and Expedients, You may secure Me against such Intolerable lucreachments and Injuries, as have spoiled the Glory of my *INDEPENDENT SOVEREIGNTY* in Times past. *Roman* Arms could never do, what *English* Craft and *Scots* Sillinefs have done, to call it no worse:

Imperij fuerat Romani Scotia Limes.
SCOTLAND of Old *Rome's* Arms did Bound,
None but *Scots-men* can SCOTLAND wound.

These plaguy Piles, *Pensions*, *Places* and *Preferments*, work mightily, and are in hazard of proving the *Banc* of my Undutiful Children; these insatiable Passions, *Ambition*, *Avarice*, *Envy* and *Revenge*, may perhaps be Poison and Charms, which may blind their Eyes, and corrupt their Minds. Fy upon these narrow creeping Souls, that project only, or mainly, their own things, and unnaturally seek to build their Fortunes, on my Misfortunes, Ruines, and Disgrace; base Self, is the *Dagon* and *Diana*, that the most of Men carels and adore (*Profound Idolatrie*,) Fy, my Sons, is there no *Scots Blood* in your Veins? are *Scots Spirits* sunk into Sillinefs? Will Ye be so unnatural and devoid of Respect to Your *Old Mother*, so sadly beaten at all hands, as to do nothing for my Relief & Reputation. Tell it not in *Gath*, &c.

-----*Pudet hac opprobria vobis,
Vel dici potuisse*-----

Do not my Sisters Children of *England*, cast you a Fair Copy, of Laudable Care, Caution and Prudence, in Gallantly securing their *Religion*, *Laws* and *Liberties*, which no doubt is Rewarded with the *Paramount* Granduere and Wealth, whereof they are possessed if you be behind hand with them in Riches, Pray be not so in *Honesty* and *Integrity* too; What are not you as *Free-born Scotsmen*, as they *Free-born English-men*, Pray be as Faithful and True to your Country.

Now my Sons, with the Tear my Eye, and a Heart full of Fear and Sorrow, I obtest you lay by your little private *selfish-Designs*, generously sink them all in the *Grand Project* of my Honour and your Posterity's Happiness, acquit your selves at this *Critical Juncture*, as becomes Dutiful Sons, Worthy Patriots and Honest Country-men; let this be your *Motto* and the Stated *Maxime* you go by, in all your Counsels and Efforts always, *Salus populi suprema Lex esto*: have a care of both *Achitophellian* Quirks and *Utopian* Fancies, that you be not imposed upon by them; downright *Probitie* is the surest Policy.

I will not here descend to particulars; *Verbum sapienti sat est*, you may easily guess my Meaning, *viz.* That you should (as becomes True-Hearted *Scotsmen*) with Courage and Conscience, Unite your Counsels to provide for my Safety and Honour, not in the interim neglecting to secure your *Religion*, the best Scheme whereof, for your Purpose, you have this Day: And whosoever they be who prove Disloyel and Treacherous to my True Interests, let their Names be for ever expunged, *ex albo Scotorum*, and be blotted out with indeleble Shame and Infamy: I add no more, but O *Scots Men*, opportunely *Alas* POOR, BLEEDING, SINKING SCOTLAND.

